

## BABA BHARATI, A HINDOO LAMA, MAY COME TO ST. LOUIS.

HE WAS THE ORIGINAL OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S HOLY MAN IN "KIM."

BABA BHARATI, THE  
VAISHNAVA  
MISSIONARY  
AND DISCIPLES

BABA BHARATI

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.  
Baba Bharati, from India, has arrived in New York to make converts to his faith, which is "Love for all men."

He is a typical high-caste Hindoo—a Lama. He mastered English and became editor of a leading journal in Lahore.

That was years ago, when Kipling, on a visit to Lahore, was coming into notice with poems and short sketches.

This city of Lahore is where "Kim," the hero of Kipling's greatest story, joined the Lama of Tibet and wandered over Hindoostan in search of a certain holy river.

Kipling and Baba Bharati, the Hindoo editor, were newspaper acquaintances, and some say that Baba is the original of Kipling's holy man in "Kim" for this reason.

Baba was a man of influence and a successful editor.

He suddenly resigned his editorship and joined the ecstatic followers of Krishna, a Hindoo deity.

Bharati became an ascetic and retired to the wilderness, where he remained in holy meditation and study for twelve years.

He was then directed to begin missionary work in the Western world, and he sailed for America.

As Baba speaks and writes English, with skill and fluency, he has great advantages over many Hindoos visiting this country.

His personality is pleasing, fascinating and picturesque. He is a handsome man, tall, statuesque, dignified, with dark, large, sparkling eyes.

When they kindle the man seems on fire with holy enthusiasm.

His religion, he says, is summed up in the one word, "Love."

He has anger for no man, no matter how great the provocation. Every act is preceded by asking a blessing.

Every letter or manuscript begins with a little prayer written at the top of the page.

By special arrangement this extraordinary man writes the story of his life and faith for the Sunday Republic.

BY BABA BHARATI.  
From Journalism to asceticism is almost an impossible leap.

It is like jumping from pole to pole. Journalism means putting the whole world into your mind; asceticism means thrusting the whole world out of it.

Journalism involves a minute study of men and manners.

Today, is all-powerful and is Westernizing the unprogressive Hindoo.

These European dreamers will awaken to find that all their so-called civilization of the Hindoo is but as a layer of moss upon rock.

In the final test the moss will vanish, leaving the granite unchanged, eternal.

The Hindoo and his spirituality are the same to-day as thousands of years ago.

They have outlived Egyptians, Greeks and Romans—their systems, Governments and religions.

The Hindoo alone remain imperishable. The only hope for these so-called modern civilizations is in adopting the spirituality of the Hindoo.

His vast, all-pervading spiritual power is realized by all by English and Americans alike.

The magnitude of this intense belief and the vitalizing life of the Hindoo religion is a concrete reality felt by every European when he first sets foot on Indian soil.

The very atmosphere is impregnated with vitalizing currents of spirituality, for it is the only real lasting thing in the world.

Your civilization, tall buildings, machinery and systems of government are but for a day—tomorrow they vanish!

The spiritual remains forever.

It is this unseen power that sways mankind and the universe.

BEGAN SEARCH FOR RELIGION OF LOVE.

With these explanations, I will relate how I began my search for this religion of love and life everlasting.

I went from the Tribune, in Lahore, to edit the Punjab Times.

Mr. Kipling, I believe, left the Lahore Gazette for the Pioneer.

Soon afterwards I went down to Calcutta. Here I finished my practical training and started my own paper, the Gop and Gossip, the first society paper in India.

I was now very happy with my material prospects and surroundings, my papers having my paper having become popular among both Anglo-Indians and Indians.

I had some fame and name for myself, too.

But just at this time my religious instinct began to assert itself, and very soon it overcame my passion for journalism.

nounced the world and its vanities at the age of 22.

I then went to my Goroos, Srimad Brahmananda Bharati, and fell prostrate at his feet. He said:

"Rise, my child, and be happy for aye, for thou art liberated from all pain, and henceforth art wedded to eternal love."

"Thou art Krishna, and Krishna is Love."

MET HERMITS WHILE IN THE WILDERNESS.

He took me to his Goroos, the great Joge of Baradi, the perfect Joge, whom I saw for the first time.

He was about 7 feet in height, of golden color, with long matted locks and the most handsome intellectual face.

His two eyes shone with a piercing yet tranquil light, in which he read you like an open book.

He told me my inmost thoughts and gave me his blessing.

He was then 16 years of age.

A few days after I left him he gave up his body, sitting on his haunches and telling people the exact hour he would go.

He expired exactly at that time, without suffering from any disease or pain.

I then proceeded to the holy land of Brindaban, about a thousand miles from there, on foot.

It took me about two months to reach my destination, but it did not matter, for I was

blest—blessed at every step on my way.

I saw Krishna in dreams, while awake and footing my way along, singing and dancing in his praise.

He beckoned me, his most perfectly beautiful form dissolving, as it were, with his newest rain-cloud complexion illuminating the blue sky of Hindoostan.

On the journey I had to pass through jungles, in which I met many hermits and Joges of the highest order, who possessed miraculous powers, some of which I had the good fortune to witness.

Oh, the days and delights of that march to the Land of the Lord!

THE ECSTATIC SONG  
AND DANCE OF DEVOTEES  
OF KRISHNA, THE  
SUPREME DEITY OF  
THE HINDOOS.  
THE MARK ON THE  
FOREHEAD SYMBOLIZES  
THE LORD'S TEMPLE  
AND IS KEY TO THE  
SECT.

a region about the area of the State of Maryland.

I spent my twelve years now in the wilderness of the Himalayas, now on the plains and again in the forest of Brindaban, in Muttra, near Agra, the city of Taj Mahal.

Twice the amount was paid to Sir Morrell Mackenzie for his treatment of the late Emperor Frederick, and in addition he was presented with the Order of the Red Eagle.

The doctors who attended Queen Victoria in her last illness received 2,000 guineas each.

But the record in medical fees is held by the ancestor of the present Lord Mayor of London, Doctor Dimdale, who received for his journey to St. Petersburg and vaccination of the Empress Catherine II £10,000 as his fee, £5,000 for traveling expenses and also the title of Baron and a life pension of £500 a year.

He never went to bed, snatching sleep at Buckingham Palace at odd moments.

His daughter's wedding occurred during those critical days, and it was only when she herself drove to the palace and put the case before her father that he took a hurried half hour to attend the quiet ceremony.

The medical men who are attending the King are attached to his Majesty's household, some in honorary capacities and others under nominal pay.

For instance, Sir Thomas Barlow, as physician to the household, is in receipt of a small salary, while Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Thomas Smith, as "honorary servants," are not in receipt of pay.

Nor can they, by reason of court usage, send in a bill for services rendered.

The King may, and usually does, send the "honories" a recompense of some sort, which compares more than favorably with honoraria received from private persons.

The surgeons and physicians to the household, such as Sir Francis Laking, Sir Thomas Barlow, Doctor Hewitt, Mr. Allingham and Mr. Fripp, are in receipt of from £20 to £300 per year, for which they are expected to attend upon all the members of the royal household, without further charge.

For instance, if a royal scullery maid so far rises above her station as to acquire "household's knee" she has the attendance of the most skillful medical men in the country.

A call from a private patient, worth perhaps £20, is neglected for this summons from the royal scullery.

If the wife of the master of the household or the subden of the chapel royal, or the master of music, or the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, wishes it, he may have the advice of any of these gentlemen without paying for it.

## TOO MUCH ZEAL SPOILED THE FLAT.

A St. Louis woman noted for the artistic furnishings of her apartment and her dinners had a heartrending experience the other day.

It seems that last year an obdurate landlord refused to expend on redecorating her flat what he said was worthy of one bringing in twice its rental.

She promptly took out a two years' lease and informed the landlord that she would add to what he allowed for new mural decorations a sum sufficient to have the place done over to suit her own taste.

What she squandered on a certain yellow tinted paper is to this day a secret, but, meanwhile, she considered the money well spent when her own eyes were satisfied.

This summer she went abroad, leaving her home in charge of a housekeeper who had stood the test of several sittings on the part of her mistress. On the day of her return the woman was met in her doorway by a smiling servant. After respectful words of greeting had been offered, the housemaid, with ill-concealed pride, announced:

"An 'O've such a surprise for yez, Mrs. A— 'O've had all the rooms done over, spick an' span, to save yez all the worry when you come home, all tired out."

The words fell upon the ear of the returned traveler as the knell of her artistic dreams.

Nor was it a false alarm.

Gone was the soft, misty gray-green of her entry, and in its stead there stared her in the face a wild combination of brilliant green, black and white—the stuff that stage pillars are made of.

The pale yellow of her parlors had been exchanged for vivid blue, with raised figures in gilt. The delft blue of her dining-room had been supplanted by Turkey red card-table paper, which made her Flemish oak furniture like stage properties.

Blindly she surveyed the two patent signs of devastation; then she turned upon her faithful but overzealous housekeeper. Before the expression of beaming pride on the latter's face the angry words died. The mistress grasped the back of a chair for support, and exclaimed:

"Maggie, Maggie, you are a wonder! In your domestic capacity you are a source of joy, but when you try to run the art department words fail me."

Maggie gazed at her mistress in wonder, and the latter exclaimed, hysterically:

"Oh, don't mind me. I shall be all right in a few moments. I am always a bit seasick for a day or two after I land."

How Kings  
Pay Doctors.

The coronation banquet conferred on Sir Frederick Treves will not be the great surgeon's only reward for his successful conveyance of the King "out of danger," says the London Chronicle.

For his four weeks' attendance at Sand-